

LANTRY IN FAVOR OF MAKING A PARK OUT OF BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

New Commissioner Announces that He Will Favor Continuation of Filling in Riker's Island and Removing Penitentiary There.

Interviews with the New City Commissioners.—No. 1.

"The Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, as well as the other institutions there, will all be removed to Riker's Island in the near future. That is a scheme I looked forward to when I was Commissioner of Correction under the last Tammany Hall administration. It was with the expectation of seeing this hope realized that I succeeded in having the work of filling in Riker's Island taken up. That work has progressed so well that we may expect to see in a reasonably short time all the buildings cleared from Blackwell's Island and that delightful spot converted into a beautiful public park."—Statement by Francis J. Lantry, newly appointed Commissioner of Correction.

"I'll try to continue the reforms I started when I was a Tammany Hall Commissioner of Correction a few years ago," said Francis J. Lantry yesterday when asked what would be his policy when he resumes that office on Jan. 1 next under Mayor McClellan.

"There's lots that can be done, and I am going to try and do my share right up to the handle. I'd rather have people think well of me than not care how they think of me either as a public official or a private citizen.

"In this department there are lots of little things which if set moving in the right direction will help to make existence a little more endurable for the unfortunate who come under the ban of the law. I will not go into the merits of the civilization that finds it necessary to keep men and women in jails, but no matter what my opinion on this subject may be I feel that these people are at least human and deserve decent, if not kindly, treatment.

"In this spirit I assumed the office before, and I found that the methods in vogue there were little short of primitive. There was only one bath on the island, and that was a wretched thing. The prisoners had to carry water quite a distance and bathe in old wash-tubs. I changed that by equipping the prison with individual bathtubs.

Carried Like Sacks of Flour.
"It was the usual thing then, too, to carry invalid or sick prisoners up long flights of stairs on the backs of fellow-prisoners. The poor sick fellows would be hoisted on their backs like sacks of flour. I got a few elevators put in and stopped that business.

"I got all the healthy prisoners out on Riker's Island one day when the sun was shining, and they started the work of laying out streets and roads and building sewers. It was fine work

for the prisoners on good days, and they enjoyed it.
"I am going to take up this work where I left off, and when my term of office expires I hope to have Riker's Island in pretty good shape. There are hundreds of acres of land under water as marsh which can be reclaimed, and just as soon as possible I'll get additional crib-work started. It can be cribbed in for half a mile yet.
"Some day the penitentiary and other kindred institutions on Blackwell's Island are to be torn down and a grand improvement effected by the erection of model institutions on Riker's Island. It can't be done in a hurry for Riker's Island has got to be built fully to receive the new buildings I take a pride in that Riker's Island project, for I started the ball rolling in that direction. I planned it when I was Commissioner, and the work of filling in the land has been going on ever since.

Consideration for Prisoners.
"Another improvement effected during my administration was the consideration which I demanded should be given to the prisoners by their keepers and the officials.

"I established a pumping system on the island, which had been a sad necessity for years. Some engineers said it couldn't be done, but I took the bull by the horns, and the thing was accomplished. This system includes the pumping of salt water, which is always available for fire purposes and is still in use. I like to do things first, then tell about them if I am asked."

Commissioner Lantry was born on the east side in 1855. He was educated in the parochial schools, and then learned the trade of butcher. He became a strong advocate of unionism and was made Master Workman of the butchers' local and delegate to District Assembly No. 6, of the Knights of Labor. Lantry advanced rapidly. He became a buyer for a large butcher establishment and then became a partner in the firm of J. J. Harrington & Co. Lantry was already in politics, but took no prominent part until he was nominated for Alderman. Then he got really interested, and waged such a warm campaign that he was elected. That was during the Strong campaign. Then Lantry was elected leader of his district, and has remained such ever since.

HOW BLACKWELL'S ISLAND LOOKS TO-DAY AS A CORRECTIONAL CENTRE, AND HOW IT WOULD LOOK AS A PUBLIC PARK ACCORDING TO ARTIST BIEDERMAN'S DESIGN



OLD HOTEL MAN BURIED.

The funeral of Thomas A. McGlade, a veteran hotel man, of New York, who died in his room in the Putnam House Thursday night, was held to-day. He was ninety-four years old. He began as a clerk in the old Bull's Head Hotel more than seventy years ago, and was there thirty-five years. Then he became night manager and cashier of the Putnam and retained the position until he was retired on a pension three years ago. To the hundreds of guests who knew him he was known as "Uncle Tom."

MYSTERIOUS JEWELRY THEFT.

A local detective agency has reported to the pawnshops the theft of a large quantity of valuable jewels. The name of the person from whom they were stolen is kept secret. The list includes a cameo brooch with pearls, a gold chain with three small diamonds in each link, a woman's hunting-case gold watch, a pearl and diamond crown pin, a three-stone diamond ring, a ruby ring with diamonds, turquoise and diamond ring, a gold rope lady's chain and several other articles.

SUICIDE CLIFF'S THIRD VICTIM.

NEWPORT, R. I., Dec. 25.—Mrs. Sophia Engstrom, fifty years old, a resident of this city, is the latest victim of the famous Newport suicide cliffs. She disappeared from her home last Thursday afternoon. After a search of two days her body was discovered at the foot of the cliffs, just in front of the estate of William Gannett. The position of the body indicated that she had jumped from the cliff. She is the third woman that has committed suicide in the same manner in two years.

KILLED BY LOCOMOTIVE.

Man's Body Carried on Cowcatcher Half a Mile.

Caught on the front of the locomotive of a New York, New Haven and Hartford train, the mangled body of Martin Dengler, a gardener, was carried for half a mile. It fell off near Hunt's Point station. Dengler was run down on the east-bound track at the Springhurst crossing, which is called "Slughter-House Out."

A brakeman on the cowcatcher of a yard engine saw spots of blood on the rails and stopped his locomotive. By a lantern's light the spots were traced until they ended half a mile away, at the spot where the mutilated corpse was discovered. Dengler had been employed on the Palace estate, at Springhurst, in the same manner in two years.

FLED FROM FIRE IN SCANT ATTIRE

Flames in Paper Box Factory Next to a Hotel Send Guests Scampering to the Street Lightly Clad.

An alarm of fire created a panic in Newark this morning and sent dozens of guests in Seidler's Hotel flying to the street in their night-clothes. The fire started in the five-story brick building occupied by the Specialty Paper Box Manufacturing Company, at No. 72 Mechanic street. The flames spread quickly and three alarms were turned in.

Seidler's Hotel adjoins the building, and smoke from the burning boxes soon filled the corridors and rooms of the hotel.

The guests were quickly aroused and ran to the street, many of them not stopping to pick up their clothes. The hotel did not catch fire, but it was impossible for the guests to return to their rooms for some time on account of the smoke. There were no injuries reported. The loss is estimated at \$50,000.

"NIGGER'S" BITE CAUSED HIS DEATH

Nipped at Heels of Engine Horse to Make Him Go Faster, and Now His Firemen Friends Are in Mourning.

There is a crape on the door of Engine Company No. 7, in Beekman street. "Nigger" is dead.

"Nigger" was a common, ordinary yellow cur, bearing in his make-up traces of a variegated ancestry, but he was a real fire dog and the men of No. 7 loved him. He was killed Christmas Eve.

"Nigger" limped into No. 7's quarters two years ago. He had a piece of glass in his foot and the men took it out. He decided to stay, and in a couple of weeks was as good as a fire dog as there was in the city. He never missed a call, and never ran with any company but No. 7. Even at a fire he would follow no one but the men of his own company.

When the men were working in a smoke-filled house "Nigger" would follow them, and with his nose close to the floor seemed to smell out the nearest way to an exit. On the way to a fire he would bark at the heels of the engine horses, and try to make them go faster.

Christmas Eve "Nigger" ran with the engine to a fire, and on the way nipped at the heels of the horses as usual. "Paddy," the big off-horse, resented his actions and kicked him under the wheels. They passed over him before the driver could stop and "Nigger" was killed.

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